

Notes I Music III Musicians +



been announced as one of the soat the next Symphony concert, Mr. ellan will appear as plane soleist and Grieg's Concerto in A minor, with accompaniment. be one of the very splendid

evening, and will demony that Mr. McClellan is not only l as an organist, but a planist as Mr. Carlson, the vocal soloist of the is the young man who made such able impression at a song recital few weeks since in this city, and been arousing enthusiasm in othof the State where he has applied the state where he has applied to the such as the such as

Enoch Arden With Music.

engen's heautiful poem, "Enoch Ar-"will be read at the First Congrega-charch next Wednesday evening by Charles E. Richards, with musical meaniment by Mrs. Agnes Osborne. Enoch Arden not long since at adies Literary club, and the readith the music made the afternoon a ployable one. The entertainment enesday evening is given under the base of the ladies aid society of the Congregational church.

Will Limit Seat Sales.

sems proper at this time to issue a tof caution to those who are intend-to hear the concert which is to be giv-the Conried Metropolitan Opera

see is crowded to suffocation by one a neighbors. That, briefly, is the reason for the Conried curtailment. Ordinarily, exciting like eighteen inches of space is restrict for a sitter. At this concert there will be a little more than twenty-for inches of space for each ticket-hold-

Ne woman need be afraid of injury by making or soiling to the most delicate swa, no man need fear that he will be elowed. The Conried concert will be, it is thought, an example and an object lessan in this respect. So attention is called a this feature because it limits the capacity, and in order that those who insist a pestponing their seat selections until vialin a week or two of the concert will have no one to blame but themselves if they find they cannot secure seats. It should be said here, in order to still any apprhensions that may have arisen, that the entire Conried Metropolitan Open company is to visit Sait Lako on his eccasion. There will be ut least six valid-famous singers on the programmen archestra of sixty soiolste and a chorus of 29 voices. The singers are to be Norde, Homer, Dippel, Journet, De Macchine & Alten, The first four will sing the

riorinal numbers in Rosaini's master-per, Stabat Mater, and the other two-sil sing in the first part of the pro-ramme. In addition the first part will contain

Nature by the orchestra, a violin solo by Natur Pranko and some choral selec-tor, the whole constituting a programme of such merit that the Tabernacle will

To Sing in Portland.

In the Oregonian of Sunday last is a no-tic of the appearance there tomorrow tight of Mr. Rosemary Glosz-Whitney, p sell known here. Of Mrs. Whitney the

tight of Mrs. Rosemary Glosz-Whitney, to sell known here Of Mrs. Whitney the Gegonian says:

A conspicuous feature of the forthcombic concert will be the first nublic appearates in this city of Mrs. Whitney, whose strent here is preceded by a metropolitan equiation. For the past five years she has been intrusted in the creation of four prima donna on the tage. In that time she has been intrusted with the creation of four prima donna on the stage. In that time she has been intrusted with the creation of four prima donna on the stage. In that time she has been intrusted with the creation of four prima donna on the said has sung leading parts in eight affects its with Cappianni. Bissell, George Sweet and Deache, obtaining from sevent the dramatic color that was to play to important a part in her future. Mrs. Whitney has song as prima donna for Weiner Blut." From there she went with Scabrooke in "The Roundern," then to "Riaw & Erfanger's "Foxy Quiller" that to "Prince of Pilsen." She next oresised the Princess in "The Sleeps King." If, Whitney afterward became the original Mrs. Brown in "Buster Brown," which is discussed in "The Roundern," which is weeks ago, when she gave up of sings to live a private life in Portland, in Whitney was singing prima donna of the Lew Fields company in New York. in Military was singing prima donna of the Lew Fields company in New York, spretting Mr. Fields and Marte Cahlill Diring lats summer she atternated with sudica at the Durs concerts in Madison Fair Garden, and appeared as soloiat in series of motropolitan concerts with the later States Martine band. That Mrs. Whitely is a welcome addition to Portlands musken circles will doubtless be supported by the warmth of her retiplan next week.

death-dealing cobra is passionate

ger the cobra winds itself round and round the arm of its captor, but to no purpose, for it cannot turn its head and bite. If the fangs are to be extracted at once the captor presses his thumb on the throat of the cobra, and thus compels it to open its mouth; the fangs are then drawn with a pair of pincers. If, however, he wishes to keep the snake intact for the present, the musician comes to help him and forelbly unwinds the coils and places the body in a basket all but the head, which is firmly held by the other man. He presses down the lid to prevent the cobra from escaping, and suddenly the captor thrusts the head in and bangs the lid.

A very expert performer can capture the snake singlehanded, though it is highly dangerous. Whe playing with one hand he throws the dust sideways with the other and captures the snake with the same hand. The whole action must be like a flash of lightning, for a half second's delay or the merest bungling in throwing the dust or catching the snake would prove fatal to the operator.

Will Study in Germany.

for serious musical study in Berlin, Oermany

The young man has also made many friends as head of the music department of the Clayton Music company. His friends predict for him a great success, because he is a worker.

To show their respect, a number of his musical friends are going to tender the young gentleman a grand testimonial in the Eighteenth ward chapel next Wednesday right, February E. at \$2.00 through the courtesy of Bishop O. F. Whitney.

A spelndid programme containing one or two novelties will be presented, the following artists having expressed a desire to contribute of their talents. Williard Welhe, Hugh W. Dougall, S. Molyneux Worthington, Arthur Shepherd, George D. Pyper. Fred C. Graham, Mrs. Bessic Browning, Mrs. Elsie Barrows Best, Miss Ruth Wilson and J. J. McClellan, The Eighteenth ward choir will render a selection under the direction of George D. Pyper. Mr. Giles will render a duet with Mr. McClellan, and a large "Victor" music box will render a selection from each of the famous artists: Caruso, Sembrich, Melba, Campanari Plaucon and Maude Fowell, the world's greatest woman violinist. This last number will prove a de-Powell the world's greatest woman vio inist. This last number will prove a de-

Brahms Vs. Wagner; Now Strauss Vs. Wagner.

It is well known that Brahms owed much of his prominence in the musical world to the fact the enemies of Wagner used him as a battering ram. Lately there has been a surprising full in the Brahms propaganda, notwithstanding the appearance of Max Kalbeck's life of that r. What does it mean? It means go of tactics and of leadership, maining enemies of Wagner are remaining Richard Strauss their banner er. It is very funry, but it is a fact uses himself is an ardent admirer of mer and an intimate friend of his liy, but that does not prevent a cer-ciass of unintentionally funny men

don't read anything in our set but Omar Khayyam and the latest scandal about

pushing him forward as the new musical Messiah, who makes Wagner seem as antiquated as Donizetti. These funny men tell us that the medern drama is now out of date and that the real music of the future is the tone-poems of Strauss, in which all the melodic and harmonic conventions are disregarded and a new art is put in their place. Strauss, of course laughs gleefully at this; unlike men of real musical genius, he is a first-class business man and knows that there is a fortune in such free advertising; his predecessor, Brahms, died worth \$50.000.

Held's Concert Band.

Programme—Sunday, February 19, 1965 Frand selection, "The Chaperons". Ed Grand selection, "The Chaperons". Edwards Capricos—
a. 'Zenith' Internezzo (new). Lincoln b. 'Pro Yalensi' (new). Cowles Grand selection, 'National Mediev'. Daiby With solos for all instruments. Overture, 'Maximillian Robespiere'. Litoff Tener solo, 'Sleep, Baby, Sleep', Walter Aylett, accompanied by Mrs. De Lory. Descriptive, 'The Hunting Scone'. Bucallosi Solos—

Solow—

"Schubert's Serenade" Mr. Zimmerman

b. "Asleep in the Deep" Mr. Stevens

Grand selection "Blue Boli" Tilzer

(By request.)

Music Notes.

McClellan leaves tomorrow even gives a recital in the Methodist church

The Paul Dufft Concert company is one of the coming musical attractions at the Tabernacle. The company appears early in March under the auspices of the M. I. A.

Prof. Boshard, one of Provo's leading auslicians, has been confined to his home a account of illness for more than three

The Tribune has received a copy of the song, "Salute the Old Defender," a tribute to the members of the Grand Army of the Republic, and "dedicated by the author to American children who today enjoy the priceless blessing secured to them by the patriotism and bravery of our country's defenders." Phil V. Field is the author of the words, which were set to music by George Schleiffarth.

Miss Florence Allen, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Allen of this city, who is studying music in Berlin, has been appointed the correspondent of the New York Musical Courier from the German

Mrs. Nellie Druce Pugsley, a pupil of Prof. J. K. Sullivan, and for years one of Sait Lake's best-known sopranos, will sing a solo this morning at the Central Chris-tian church.

optically this season by Mrs. Astor. The Queen of Society has displayed a whole reportory of purples, varied only by screaming blues. Where, alas, are the black satin old ladies of yesterday? The usual formula, opera first, general dancing until 12, supper at small tables and finally the cotillion, was adhered to. Worthington Whitehouse and H. Pelham Robbins led the cotillion—with the Gerry girls as partners—from either end of the big picture gallery. Among the "junk"—10. e., in polite circles "favore"—were silver vases, leather trays and ash receivers.

It was near the end of the first act of It was near the end of the first act of the opera that a story reached us and sped about the horseshoe like mad, we must have something to talk about at the opera, you know. When a new joke or a bit of gossip gets started it goes from box to box like wild fire. This was pertinent, though, because it was the amusing cause of the absence of a certain well-known New Yorker, whom we expected any minute at the Metropolitan, on his way to the dance. His attention to a beautiful young woman, not exactly in our set, has long been known and it seems that a recent gift was one of those combination bars. You know those smart chests with places for every sort of booze used in making a coektail—and some others. She mixed a Martinez for him when he called before dinner, but looked vitrol when he said he couldn't take her to the Arion mask ball, the gay occasion of the gay world. She declared he must, and when he said he wouldn't she becams extremely nasty in her anger. He conceived a revenge and put it into practice. It was to drink the "combination bar" dry. He nearly did it, but he became so noisily obstreperous that she of the Arion hopes called the hail boy and the head porter and had him thrown out of her flat.

No, he didn't go to the Arion ball, but then, he didn't go to a "small dance" either. the opera that a story reached us sped about the horseshoe like mad;

Fift Potter—(I really cannot think of the dashing daughter of the beautiful Cora Urquhart and the brilliant James Brown Potter as Mrs. Stillman)—might have caused a riot when she arrived at the Gerry ball if most of us had not gotten used to her extraordinary gown at a distance at the opera-house. Long famous for her daring dresses Fift seemed to have struck the limit a month ago with her gown of gold. This time she went even further with a screaming scarlet satin costume, fairly festioned with gold lace. She looked more like the grand staircase at the Hotel Astor than anything I can think of. That portion of the new hotel, I may mention, suggests Mrs. Astor's gold service with a nose bleed on top.

Lovely Mrs. Norman Whitehouse was lovelier than ever in pale blue, and, like Fin Stillman, she 'put in' the early part of the evening at the opera before going to the Gerrys' Mrs. J. Nicholas Brown, mother of the 'richest baby in the world,' came down from Providence for the dance, and showed the hot-poloi among the standees at the opera what it looks like to be a youthful "downger-millionairess," and incidentally showed them some gorgeous diamonds. Mrs. M. Orme Wilson was in cloth of silver and looked as if she was made up for an icicle, especially when she was waiting for her carriage to go on to the Gerrys'. Everyone else was "going on," and everyone was shivering, which may have been more responsible for the icicle idea than Caroline Astor's gown. Astor's gown.

The Mayor of New York was in a box at the opera. That is really a more surprising fact than it may appear. Of course, there be "a few things I have missed," but I can't remember any Mayor of our city in the Metropolitan horsesshoe on a subscription night before. Mr. and Mrs. George B. McCleilan are "in society in New York—one might almost add "in spite of their official position"—but they do not mingle to any great extent with the multi-millionaires of the smart sei, who are, after all, the controlling element at the opera. They have a beautiful home who are, after all, the controlling element at the opera. They have a beautiful hom in Washington Square, one of those spiendid old stately mansions, and their enter tainments are models of good taste any refined moderation. A former neighbor of theirs in the ways was a particular to the state of the st in Washington Square, one of hose did old stately mansions, and their entertainments are models of good teste and refined moderation. A former neighbor of theirs in the square was a neighbor in the horseshoe. Henry C. Potter, bishop of New York, used to live in one of the old houses, a few doors from the McClellans, until he married the rich widow Clark and moved to her new and spectacular palace on Riverside drive. It wasn't the bishop who sat near the Mayor and "Lady Mayorcze" at "Lucia di Lammermoor" but his son, a very long young man, who appears to make his home in the public corridors of the Waldorf, when he isn't parading up and down Fifth ayence. Young Potter was with Lillian Norton Doehme, who is famed throughout the world as Mme. Nordica. She has box 4, much to Potter was with Liman word as who is famed throughout the world as Mme. Nordica. She has box 4, much to the consternation of some subscribers, who are shocked that a professional singer should have a seat among the mighty. On this occasion she was radiant in paid blue satin, with pearls and diamonds. Her neice, Miss Baldwin, was one of her mosts.

On Saturday morning—along between it and 12 o'clock—there was just one place to see the young bucks of the town. If I told you the name you might accuse me of having disguteed myself as an advertisement—so I'll simply say the shop isn't a hundred miles from Fifth avenue and Madison square, and that it is the most favored drug store in town. It was the morning after the Arion ball—need I say more? Of course, I have no idea what the white fuzzy stuff the boys were drinking was, but I do know that the crowd was the same push one sees trooping into the Waldorf cafe at 5 in the afternoons. My entrance caused great consternation, and the boys divided themselves into two great classes, those who belted without their "cure" and those who choked to death swallowing it in a hurry. One of them whom I knew to be particularly unresourceful looked like a good target, and I asked him what he was drinking. He gulped, and stuttered forth, "An—an—lescream cocktail."

This looked to me like what they call in vaudeville theaters a "sidewalk conversation" so I thought I'd get siddy. This was my merry little jest. "I asked the war my merry little jest." I asked the wouldn't some fresh condensed milk do?"

St. Valentine's day was seized upon as the date for two "small dances"—Mrs. William E Iselin's and Mrs. Henry F Shoemakers—and a vaudeville dinner at the Orme Wilsons', in Sixty-Courth street, "one door" from Fifth avenue. It was an echo of the "Caleb" Hyde French party, but the "period" didn't go below the neck. Thirty women or so came to dinner sane and human in their bodies and the covering thereof, but with funcy headdresses. (The thirty men appeared with their pates as the Lord and their barbers made them. Powdered wigs and all sorts of other foolishness topped off these sensation-seeking damsels. Eyes that looked out from beneath this foolish fluff viewed a vaudeville, but I'll wager the performers saw the funnier sight.

Orme Wilson is the connecting link between the Astors and the Vanderbilits.

Orme Wilson is the connecting link between the Astors and the Vanderbilts you know being con-in-law to Mrs. Astor and brother to Mrs. "Neely" Vanderbilts, you know being con-in-law to Mrs. Astor and brother to Mrs. "Neely" Vanderbilts. His mother, Mrs. Richard T. Wilson, is the patron saint of match-makers. The Wilsons have been rich a good deal longer than they have been socially secure; in fact, it might be said that they married into solidity. To begin with Mrs. Wilson soized Ogden Goelet, and probably nobody but a New Yorker can quits appreciate what a Goelet is to a New Yorker. Compressed to a capsule description a Goelet is that rarest of birds. a srlon of our oldest aristocracy and a multi-millionaire all at the same time. A Vanderbilt is a good thing to have in every home, even if it isn't as aristocratic a possession as a Goelet, and in capturing Cornelius III. for her daughter Grace Mrs. Wilson got her the "best that comes." Lady Herbert, the third daughter, was as well placed, in the world of diplomacy, when Sir Michael's untimely death, following close upon his appointment as British Embassador to Washington, cut short what promised to be a brilliant career.

That last paragraph sounds quite seri-

That last paragraph sounds quite serious for me, doesn't it Muriel? I hope it won't make you think any the less of your loving, IDA INNERLY.



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Capturing Cobras With Music.

commission and the control of music, says an exchange, and it is sigh fills means that its capture is a accomplished. The men in India can effect the capture of these deadestills must be possessed of remarkation of the control of the capture of these deadestills a robot takes up its abode in the shorhood of a dwelling house it is lowest to send for the professional at charmer. One of them strikes up a control of the professional at charmer may be doing, it is at once at the place where the snake is possed to be located. No matter what treature may be doing, it is at once at the profession of the perfect of the control of the prostrate of th

don't read anything in our set but Omar Khayyam and the latest scandal about our friends.

My vis-a-vis at luncheon the other day asked me if I had read "this Wagner chap's latest novel. The Simple Life." The idea certainly has traveled, although only as an idea. One stunt is to tell newspaper reporters that we are going to wear no jewels to some function or other, and then to go glittering from bead to foot like a cutglass water boitle. "No jewels" are all the rage this year-in print-and, as a matter of fact, a few of the more ingenious matrons, believing what they hear, have modified their displays. But as I started to say, everything now is a "small dance." They don't differ a shade from what we used to call a ball, although the term does help hostesses a bit in wriggling out of invilling less desirable acquaintances. I told you about Mrs. "Jack" Astor's "small dance" a few weeks ago, and next weelf it will be a similar did at Mrs. Vanderbilt's. In the meaning of course, Mrs. Cornelius senior, was to have been tonight. It was postponed only the other day, and for what I call a comedy recision of the first water, though I don't want you to think me disrespectful to bereavement. Mrs. Vanderbilt "cannot permit dancing" in her gorgeous mansion—(in many respects the most beautiful in New York)—because of the death two days or so ago of the Wille Burden's daughter. Now, you see, this child was only three weeks old, and was this far from relationship to Mrs. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Burden is a niece of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt. Still, this matron has always been most strict and circumspect, and the point wouldn't seems so strained but that Mr. and Mrs. William Douglas Slonn, grandparents of the infant, gave a musicale a few nights after her dath. It certainly seems unfortunate that a child born to Vanderbilt weith—even in the ditution of the daughter of a daughter—should die when child after child is born to poverty in hopclessly healthy vitality. The baby daughter of the Willie K. Vanderbilt with them the other day.

It's all right. Muriel, my maid shook and if the elder daughter—in that her sentence me and brought me back to consciousness them—had not worn white, society might have suffered from a case of bad eyes. I'm going to take advantage of the inter-Still, we've gotten pretty well broken in

NEW YORK, Feb. 17, 1905.—Dear Muriel: | ruption to run in something funny Mrs. Leslie Carter. I happened to be in a box party the other evening, and could see things behind the new Belasco play -We have all been "small dancing" this week. This, I may tell you, is a new foolnot intended for general observation. It was in a most dramatic scene, when Mrs. Carter, in the gorgeous robes of the Princess Adrea, enters to be crowned queen. She is supposed to be too overishness that has come on society along with 'The Simpler Life." The whole pose nowadays is simplicity. "Let us be simpler, simpler, simpler." Of course, everywraught to be gufte in her right mind, and body in the know fully realizes that things wraught to be quite in her right mind, and is swaying in tearful agony when the chief senator comes before her to take her oath and to place the crown on her head. He turns his back to the audience, facing the trembling queen, and more or less concealing her from view as he places the crown on her head. But "Dolly" Carhaven't slowed up a bit. The game is merely to talk "the simple life." It started last spring with the report that King Edward had promulgated his preference elaborate dinners, and that they the crown on her head. But 'Dolly' Cauter is a woman first and a distraught
queen afterward. From our box I could
see that while the mighty senator's left
hand was raised in an eloquent gesture,
attendant upon the solemn oath, the right
slipped to his breast and produced a little
hand-mirror. Yes, my dear, Addle took
good care that she got her crown on
straight. should be only an hour long. Then came the French doctrine of the simple life which struck everybody as an "awfully cute term," although the idea seems to obtain in the smart set that it means the latest "Richard Carvel" or "Junice Mere-Of course, we don't read it-we

DOINGS OF THE "SMART

IN NEW YORK

Mrs. Leslie Carter has a son who is fast becoming a "well-known figure" in New York. He is red-headed, like mamma, and too fat to be as good looking as—well, as said mamma probably thinks him. She, by the way, is getting quite heavy, although her figure still has the superblines of old. Her chin seems to be the trouble. She wears it tied into singleness, as one might say, by a flesh-colored ribbon tightly bound around her throat. Her son is named Dudley Carter, she was Louise Dudley, you know, when she was an Ohlo belle before her marriage to Leslie Carter of Chicage. Dudley is probably 2 or so, in fact, he had to wait till he was of age—fif I'm not wrong)—to get away from his father, to whem the court decreed him at the time of the famous divorce. He was a child of 8 or so then Mrs. Carter is the most indulgent of mothers, I understand, and has lavished money on him in a really too prodigal manner. He is in Harvard, and boys I know there tell me his apartments are so gorgeous as to make him impopular. Gold predominates in the decorations, and from their descriptions his "study" must look like the third act of mamma's "Du Barry." Mrs. Leslie Carter has a son who is fast

Your innocent Ida Innerly felt like old King Cole or some other royal "souse" at the Gerry "small dance." The supper was served in the dining-room and the library, and was remarkably good, as the Commo-dore is as famous for his chef as he used to be for his Gerryizing of cruelly treated children. One never gets "caterers" food." to be for his Gerryizing of cruelly treated children. One never sets "caterers" food at a Gerry party. But as I started to say, I was regally drinking wine from Queen Victoria's cellars, and without having to run over for a week end with King Edward to do it. When Victoria died the wines of Windsor castle and Buckingham palace were sold, and Elbridgo T. Gerry was the principal buyer. So I gave myself up to the pleasure of thinking I was imbiling of the grapes of kings—and tried to look royal while I thought it. I haven't the least idea whether the booze came from Buckingham or Broadway, but when under a pleasant illusion why let the truth wake one up."

The Gerrys—of New York Yacht club and Gerry society fame)—really gave some touches of simplicity to their "small dance." that is in comparison to the frenzied fussiness of Mamile Fish's and "Caleb" Hyde's recent fancy functions. The flowers for instance had no suggestion of florist fixing. They were spring buds from the Gerry places at Newport and on Delaware lake, and were almost all loosely arranged in vases. Mrs. Gerry and her daughters, receiving in the Louis XV drawing-room of their home at the south corner of Fifth avenue and Sixty-first street, looked like an allegorical ballet of "Rainbow." Madame was in mauve velvet, and Mabel was in rose pink satin, and if the elder daughter—in that her seniority required her standing between them—had not worn white, society might have suffered from a case of bad eyes. Still, we've gotten pretty well broken in